

The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (INCLUDING SUNDAYS)
BY THE WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY.
THE MURPHY BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Frank A. Munsey, Pres. R. H. Thibault, Sec.
Fred A. Walker, Treasurer and General Manager.

ONE YEAR (INC. SUNDAY) \$2.50 (6 MO.) \$1.75 (3 MO.) .75
Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class
mail matter.

Washington, D. C., Saturday, March 8, 1913.

JUSTICE TO DR. ELLIOTT.

One of the last acts of the old Administration was to reinstate Charles G. Elliott as chief of the Bureau of Drainage Investigations, Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Elliott had been removed under charges that, officially investigated by a House committee, proved utterly groundless. It was only simple justice that he should be reinstated with a clean record, and that was done; tardily, it is true; but still it leaves Dr. Elliott with the testimonial that his record was clear and straight. Messrs. Morehouse and Singleton, who had also been removed in the same connection, had already been reinstated, as result of their complete exoneration.

THE ILLINOIS SENATORIAL TANGLE.

Governor Dunne of Illinois, after conversation with President Wilson, expressed confidence that the Illinois deadlock over election of two Senators would end in the election of Lawrence Y. Sherman, Republican, and James Hamilton Lewis, Democrat.

Sherman and Lewis were their respective party nominees, at a time when there was but one vacancy in sight. Later, Lorimer was removed and a second vacancy created; but it was too late for a primary as to that place.

It would seem, therefore, that the selection of Lewis and Sherman would be the proper solution. It would be one more emphatic declaration in favor of standing by the results of primaries; and for that alone it would be well worth while.

HAIL TO A PLUCKY SPORTSMAN!

"It had been generally accepted that no more competitions would be held under conditions contained in the deed of gift of the America's Cup. Only a few weeks ago when Sir Thomas Lipton was in this country it was virtually declared that he would not undertake to challenge again, and nobody had hopes that, if he would not try for the yachting honors, anybody else would.

Yet Sir Thomas has sent the challenge, saying that his prejudice against the deed of gift rules had been waived; that he would be willing to race under the old conditions, and that there was no doubt of the acceptance of the challenge by the New York Yacht Club. Good for Sir Thomas! And the very best of luck to him in everything he undertakes except the lifting of the Cup.

MR. WILSON'S REAL JOB.

Mr. Wilson's announcement that he would not give any of his time to office seekers, except those directly summoned by him, struck a popular chord. His manner of living up to that promise of patronage emancipation is arousing a national chorus of approval.

If there is one thing about offices that has disgusted the public beyond measure in the last generation it has been the almost perpetual devotion of a Chief Executive to the questions of what men should have certain offices and what men should not have others. Not because of their fitness and merit, and not because of their lack of them. Seldom any such consideration as that enters into the question. But what men because it would please the greatest percentage of professional politicians in one quarter, or displease perhaps the smallest percentage of professional politicians in another quarter.

Some Democratic newspapers are apologizing for the presence of Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet on the ground that it was necessary to put him there for political reasons. We have little sympathy with that view. We believe Mr. Bryan is in the Cabinet because Mr. Wilson wanted him there; because Mr. Wilson is going to try, the best he knows how, to be a radical; because Mr. Bryan, more than any other man in the Democratic party, is an expert at radicalism. Perhaps not an expert at carrying out radical policies, because he never had a chance. The people would never give him a chance to carry them out on his own hook. But, so far as their academic side is concerned, an expert at radical policies beyond doubt.

We believe that Mr. Bryan is in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet because Mr. Wilson desiring to go a radical clip during the four years of his Administration, feels that Mr. Bryan can set the pace better than any other Democrat. We believe that Mr. Bryan is in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet because the President feels that when it comes to getting through Congress radical measures that will fulfill the program of the Administration Mr. Bryan will have more influence on legislators than any other Cabinet member could have, or perhaps than all the rest of the Cabinet put together.

That is the way we feel about Mr. Bryan. Nevertheless, it is a fact that some of the "very best" Democratic newspapers do not feel that way about him at all. They think Mr. Wilson put him in there to get rid of him. They say Mr. Wilson put him in there to spike his guns. They say Mr. Wilson put him in there because if he weren't in there he would be raising Cain all the time with Mr. Wilson's Administration and with the Democratic Government.

This matter of using public offices for personal political ends is a matter of such common notoriety, as we see, that it is spoken of in that case of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan as a matter of fact by the most jealous supporters of Mr. Wilson.

Now, if "taking care of men" is admitted to play so important a part in the framing of a Cabinet, it can be seen how the scores of governors and hundreds of Senators and Representatives of the United

States must spend many hours every day listening to the reasons that bosses can give them why this man has to be taken care of and why that man need not be taken care of. Mr. Wilson, if he were willing to listen to all the office seekers, could spend every second of his time, from the beginning to the end of his term, without hearing one-tenth of all that the office seekers would like to say to him and all that they would feel it was his public duty to hear them speak to him.

The country will survive if he never listens to the story of a single one of them. And, relieved of their importunities, he will have a chance to be on his real job, which is a big job, needing him on it all the time.

THE REAL REASON IN SYLVESTER'S CASE

It has been made as plain as a pikestaff that Major Richard Sylvester cannot be retained as head of the police organization of Washington.

This utterly regardless of the technical conclusions of the investigation into his responsibility for the national disgrace that attended the woman suffrage parade last Monday.

Major Sylvester has lost the confidence of this community. He has lost the confidence of Congress. He is no longer the man to administer the public safety organization of the city.

Let Sylvester remain as chief of police, and there will be utter lack of confidence in either his capacity or his good intentions hereafter. This is an affair that concerns every man, woman, and child in Washington. It concerns the safety of all property, the protection of the inestimable treasures of the Government. It is a huge fact that cannot be circumvented.

Moreover, the retention of Sylvester would be an injustice to every man on the force, down to the lowest private; for it would break down confidence at every point, and no man in the department would be able to feel the assurance of his position, of the sympathy and co-operation of law-abiding citizens, that a peace officer must feel if he is to do his duty with the highest efficiency.

Sylvester must go.

THE CLARKE-BACON INCIDENT.

There is much speculation why the Senate Democratic caucus should have overturned precedent by refusing to elect Senator Augustus O. Bacon president pro tempore, and choosing Senator James P. Clarke in his stead. The discussion seems pointless, and the real explanation very easy. It involves no reflection whatever on Senator Bacon.

The Senate was following its own precedent in refusing the position of president pro tempore to Mr. Bacon. Not the ancient precedent that conceded everything to seniority; not the precedent that concentrated the whole power of Senate control in the Aldrich-Hale band; not the repudiated precedent that, in the House, made Cannonism first the menace and then the downfall of Republican control.

The Senate made a new precedent for itself when it defeated Thomas S. Martin for chairman of its caucus, and chose John Worth Kern for that post. This precedent being established, older ones in conflict with it were out of commission.

When it came to choosing a president pro tempore, the Senate simply followed the new precedent. It required that no Senator should have, simply because of seniority, two first-class places, to the exclusion of some younger Senator who could get none. Senator Bacon was slated for chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Relations. To give him the other place in addition, would be to perpetuate, in part, a system that had been formally rejected when Martin was denied the caucus chairmanship.

The Democratic caucus simply stood by its guns in the matter of Bacon and Clarke. Having laid down a new rule, made a new precedent, it stood pat by the new order of things, as it must do to be consistent. It did entirely the right thing.

Senator Clarke is no more progressive than Senator Bacon. His selection was not a progressive triumph. Most of the Senators who voted for Bacon, indeed, were progressives. But two-thirds of the caucus supported Clarke, and in doing so they established firmly the rule that every Senator is going to be, hereafter, as nearly as possible, one ninety-sixth of the Senate. That is right. It is what the Senators ought to be, what their States intend them to be, what the Constitution contemplated. It is not possible, in this analysis, to see any reflection on Mr. Bacon, and it is possible to see evidence that a new and better day of real democracy in the Senate has dawned.

POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS IN SIGHT.

Popular election of United States Senators is being ratified by one legislature after another with such a rush that the country scarcely realizes it. Thirty States have ratified it, and in five others it has been adopted by one branch of the legislature. If these five fall into line, as seems certain at this time, only one more will be needed to complete the necessary three-fourths of the whole number of States. The Tennessee legislature will meet this month and that of Florida in April.

There is the best reason, therefore, for the belief that the two Senators from Maryland will be chosen under the terms of the amendment. Even if ratification should be delayed until the meeting of the numerous legislatures which will assemble next January, it would come so soon after things got started at Annapolis that the old scheme would have to be abandoned.

If the amendment takes effect in the next few months, it will remain for Governor Goldsborough to call an extra session of the legislature to provide the machinery of electing Senators by popular vote, or to delay action until January.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

TO A CERTAIN WAITER,
TYPICAL OF HIS CALLING.

Do not condescend to haste;
Go on vegetating;
I have all the day to waste—
Keep me waiting.

If I signal, go your way,
'Though you hadn't seen it;
And, no matter what I say,
I don't mean it.

If, when I say "Sirloin, rare,"
You think that's a poor way,
Bring it well-done; I don't care—
Have it YOUR way.

Do not overtax your brain;
Do not ever hurry;
S'pose I HAVE to catch a train—
You should worry.

Sitting 'round till you appear
Gets a fellow nervous;
Yours, I think, comes pretty near
Rotten service.

But I grin and smack my lips
O'er the scene ensuing:
For, when it comes time for tips—
NOTHING DOING!

The minute an investigation reaches
the "man-higher-up" stage, it's a P-pipe
clench that nothing's going to be
accomplished. Epigram.

Business of perking up and looking
forward to brighter times in the para-
graphing line. The suffragists will
march again in 1917.

OUR OWN DICTIONARY.
HORDE: A group of office seekers.

"Macadoo Spends Day in His New
Domain."—"Herald" head.
Or doughmain?

The Baltimore explosion wasn't felt
in Washington, so far as we know. But
the report was in the evening papers.

THE LAST BANQUET OF THE
WI-OST-YAN-ALL CLUB.
By WILLIAM H. SEVERSON, Author of
"The Musings of a Conductor,"
"A Satire on the Slide
Door Car," etc.,
etc.

The President had taken his seat.
And the Wi-ost-yan-all Club determined
to have a big treat.
The finest that could be found.

They sent invitations to all the Wi-ost-
yan-alls in town.

They came in hard boiled shirts and
collars, too.
Their clothes being sponged and
pressed and looking like new.

They brought stones and whetted their
appetites and oiled their throat
pipe.

They looked so neat and slick,
And they ate and drank until they were
full as ticks.

But said nothing about politics.
For this they had in view.
They had buried all of their hatchets.
So to remember them on this occasion
would not do.

(Yes, quite a little.)

The usual and bromide rejoinder,
when we rail about the cold weather,
is that "you'll wish you had some of
it next July and August." Which is
approximately small consolation where
the radiators are vintage of 1824 and the
temperature six, or nine. Brrrr!

THE HERO.

It's easy enough to be pleasant—
Keep dignity, manner and grace;
But can one be content
When a pay-as-you-ent
Swiftly shuts up its door in one's face?
C. M. R.

Along about next inauguration, we divine,
A few papers we know of are going to
cease advertising their inaugural
editors.

As "Charles's Aunt" would have
phrased it: "Mr. William F. McComb,
of France, where the snails come from."

THE LOVERS.

From the "Pail"
LICENSED TO MARRY.
Thomas R. Spratley, 21, and Henry P.
Villet, 21, of New Brunswick, N. J. The
Rev. G. W. Van Fossen.

The first important act of the Presi-
dent's official life will occur on April
10, when he throws out the second
ball.

The first ball thrown out, if you
must know, having been the inaug-
ural affair.

The House Abolitionists are in favor
of freeing sugar—the dear, sweet thing.

Mr. Morgan's health is just one
jagged dental after another.

Stick around, Miss Tarr.

G. S. K.

CAN YOU BEAT IT? By MAURICE KETTEN



Marriage Customs in Many Countries

2—(TURKEY)
Among the
Albanians.

By Madison C. Peters

MATRIMONIAL alliances between Albanian families are regulated with the most rigid observance of rank and precedence. Children are often betrothed before they are ten years old and sometimes while they are infants. But in such cases the agreement is kept from the couple until the young man is in a position to marry.

The object of this custom is to keep the Albanian youths from marrying in the towns where they go for employment. A vendetta with the relatives of the rejected bride and social ostracism would follow a young man's refusal to marry the girl selected for him. But such cases are rare as (since he has not seen the girl) he can give no objection to her. However, should this happen the younger brothers and sisters of the girl may not marry until her affair is settled.

There are fewer women than men in Albania; therefore, no marriage portion is required with the bride, but she is practically bought from her father or brothers for a sum of money which varies according to the social rank of the families. As with the Turks, the betrothal, when the contracts are drawn and signed by two witnesses, constitutes the legal ceremony. But the bride does not leave her father's house until after the wedding festivities, which take place any time from a few weeks to a year after.

The festivities usually begin on Thursday, when the bridegroom sends the "dumt," which is a decorated box containing the presents to the bride—various articles of dress, ornaments, boots and shoes of yellow leather, embroidered with gold, a loaf of sugar, some coffee, and other trifles. This is carried by two boys, who must be relatives of the bridegroom, and whose parents must both be living.

They are received with the greatest respect, and as the dumt is presented all cry "Good luck!" The boys are seated in the place of honor, while all the family of the bride stand. Liqueurs and hotbaths are served, and in about an hour the boys depart.

The same day the bridegroom's parents send a youth to invite the guests for the following Monday. At each house he receives a present of a few piastres.

The bride's family send their invitations in the same way on Friday, and on the same day the women assemble to help with the preparations, and to adorn the bride, who must silently submit to whatever they choose to do with her to make her "beautiful." She is bathed, scrubbed, massaged, her hair and eyebrows dyed black, and her hands and feet stained red with henna.

On Sunday evening, decked in all her finery, she is presented to the women of the family, and the work of those who dressed her is openly criticized. Later the father and brothers enter. Falling at their feet, the bride weeps and begs forgiveness for all faults she has committed. As the father raises her a chorus of sobs and cries from the company shows their grief at the approaching separation.

On Monday morning the homes of both bride and groom are thronged with guests, each of whom brings a measure of coffee and sugar and a gold coin for the bride. These coins are later made into necklaces.

At early dawn the bride is dressed and led to a corner of the principal room, where custom requires her to stand motionless and speechless, eyes downcast, and hands crossed on her breast, until she starts for her new home. Two women stand on either side to watch her, while the guests seated around stare at her. At meal times on this and the next two days she eats alone, covered with a veil. And if she wants to make a good impression she will eat only when forced to. This is to show sorrow at leaving home.

About 10 o'clock a cart arrives from the bridegroom to get the bride's baggage, and when it starts the company shouts "Good luck." A few minutes later all the male guests of the bridegroom, preceded by his father, who leads the horse for the bride, set forth from the house. In the courtyard cognac and various sweets are passed around by servants. Meanwhile the bride, covered with a long cloak and veil, is led out supported on each side as if infirm, and hidden from every one by silk draperies held on either side until she is seated on her horse.

The procession starts; first the husband's guests, then the bride, her horse led by a servant, one of her brothers on each side, the musicians and relatives and friends. On leaving home and at each street corner the bride bows her head three times in farewell.

When her approach is announced to the women of her husband's family they welcome her with a song, and the same care is taken when she dismounts as when she was placed on her horse.

The women, pushing her gently, lead her, as if against her will, into the house, where she is seated on cushions. After coffee has been served the guests depart, the oldest of them saying in a loud voice:

"Until now she belonged to God and to us. Now and henceforth she belongs to you, and to God, who will protect her."

Domestic Dialogues

By Alma Woodward

Modern Conveniences.

Scene: The Whites' diningroom.

Mr. W. (to Mr. W.). White, trying to be little, as best as a young (?) man early in the morning, enters the diningroom humming a gay refrain. Mrs. W. (singing a violent kimono of rustic-folkish design, drags herself wearily from the kitchen. Willie, with one side of his face washed, shuffles in and proceeds to arrange his coffee with a fork.

Mr. W. (vividly)—Well, it's a beautiful, sparkling morning, isn't it?

Mrs. W. (sepiulhrally)—I never thought that girl'd leave; she seemed so satisfied with things.

Mr. W.—How distinctly you can smell the cooking from that luncheonroom downstairs, can't you?

Mrs. W. (ready to have any grievance)—Yes. I think they've got a gall to charge \$5 a month for this five-room apartment and then go and have a luncheon under it.

Mr. W. (in disgust)—I wouldn't eat the stuff from one of those Cheap John places if I were starving!

Willie—Say, ma, the Greens next door is going to have buckwheat cakes for breakfast. I just seen Clarence going 'round to the delikintessen store.

Mrs. W. (drately)—What do I care what the Greens have for breakfast?

Mr. W. (eagerly)—Now's the time to use the little electric stove I brought home last week. It's just for an occasion of this kind—to make things easier, bring it on, Jessie.

Mrs. W. (sullenly)—Oh, I don't know how to work it.

Mr. W. (angelically)—Now you just bring it on and I'll do the rest. I'll guarantee to have a delicious fifteen-minute breakfast for you inside of fifteen minutes. Got any eggs?

Mrs. W. (glumly)—Yes.

Mr. W. (singing lustily)—"My mother was a lady, my father was a cook!" Willie (singing lustily)—"My mother was a lady, my father was a cook!" Willie (singing lustily)—"My mother was a lady, my father was a cook!"

Mr. W. (attaching the stove to the electroliner)—Now, step up, and, ladies and gentlemen, while I explain to you the workings of this latest household convenience, the table electric stove, in this little pan on the top I'll fry you some tempting golden eggs. While the eggs are cooking the heat will be thrown down, so underneath I will toast rolls, and when they are finished will slip the breakfast plates under for a moment to warm them up.

Mrs. W. (from the kitchen)—The coffee's ready in a minute. It doesn't look like tea. But, anyway, it's better for you when black ain't so strong.

Willie—(wildly)—Oh, look, ma! Pa's beginning, an' he broke the eggs too soon, an' they're scrambling their selves instead of fryin'! (Keenly) Pa, don't you smell somethin'?

Mr. W. (grinding wildly at the toast. Now, see? Criticizing me that way you made me go and let the toast burn! Mrs. W. when black ain't so strong, and I'll heat the plates.

(Mr. W. reaches for the plates, gives a wild shriek and drops the little pile of Lincolns.)

Mr. W. (umping on one foot)—Who would have thought those plates would have got so hot in a minute?

Willie (frazzled)—Aw, I can't get this here black off the toast. It's 'way down to the bottom!

Mrs. W. (woefully)—I guess you can't make much of a success of it. Disconnect it, Henry!

(Mr. W. wrathfully pulls the plug from the stove and at the same time emits a sound that has a steam callopie beaten to a frazzle.)

Mr. W. (sprinkling epithets)—That's what I've burned my hand in the same place!

To Save Himself.

"D" O you plead guilty or not guilty to this charge?" asked the court.

The prisoner looked around him. Beside him was the doubtful lawyer he had retained to defend him. Arranged against him were the best attorneys in the country. Above him sat the implacable judge and across the room was the bone-headed jury.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "before I enter this plea can I ask some questions?"

"You may."

"Will I suffer right here while the insanity doctors does all their talkin'?"

"Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dreaded the Results.

SPIFFIN and Spiffin were friends. They were strolling along one sunny Sunday afternoon in the rear of their respective wives, when Spiffin, who was always something of a worrier, broke the contented silence.

"Look here, old man," said he, "I know you say the most awfully nice things about me to my face, and I've no reason to believe you do anything else behind my back. But it bucks a chap up to be criticised by his friends every now and then, you know."

"You want me to criticise you?" asked Spiffin, mildly sniffing the clear and frosty air.

"I do," answered Spiffin, throwing out his chest and striking it impressively. "It would do me all the good in the world."

"Look here, Spiffin, you're six feet two, I'm five feet four. You can't seriously mean you want my private opinion of you. It can't be done, old chap—can't be done."—Answers.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Meeting of Grand Lodge, F. A. A. M., first stated communication, tonight. Meeting of Grand Lodge, F. A. A. M., first stated communication, tonight.

Amusements.

National—Billie Burke in "The Mind the Paint Girl." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Belasco—"Bought and Paid For." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Columbia—"The Pink Lady." 2 and 8 p. m. (Charm)—Polite vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Poli's—Poli Players, in "The Gamblers." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Academy—"Where the Trail Divides." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gaiety—"Runaway Girls." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Lyceum—"Follies of the Day." 2:15 and 8:15 p. m. Cosmos—Vaudeville. Casino—Vaudeville.